UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN

(Monday, August 16, 1915)

COLUMBIA'S OWN "UPLIFT."

Sometimes a town gets a reputation for one thing, and then finds that the impression cannot be changed. Columbia is in something of that sort of fix.

Being known as the "Athens of Missouri" and the seat of the state university is a great boost for this city, generally; but such a reputation is more of a hindrance than anything else in the time when school is out. Theoretically, when the University is not in session, there should be no Columbia. The activities of the town should die down and a somnolence should reign until the big school opens again.

However, this condition is not true, Columbia is running along pretty

much the same as usual. The stores are open, the shows are running, not a church has shut down and business continues, diminished a bit, but nevertheless steady. The life of the town seems changed but little.

But can Columbia keep up its intellectual reputation when the University is not running? That is a question. During the winter and two of the summer months, the big state school supplies the higher entertainment and instruction. The citizens of Columbia sit rightfully among the University students at the Assembly lectures, the Journalism Week programs, the Farmers' Week exhibitions and the concerts that are brought here by the Phi Mu Alpha, Columbia thus depends much upon the University for its "uplift."

purely a Columbia affair, devoted to the intellectual improvement of Columbia-and must be supported by Co-

show that a "school" town has gumpits own entertainment at least one the gray emptiness of the sky. month a year.

NO CHANCE FOR PEACE-NOW.

According to dispatches from Rome, the Kaiser has answered favorably Germany are willing to talk peace, last night. He won't come back."

as an admission of exhaustion on knows that I love him. He'll come filled him again with that desire to the part of the Teutons, but rather as an indication of their wisdom. A peace agreement negotiated now, when the Austro-German forces are in the ascendant, would undoubtedly favor the

more than the Allies. Therefore the freedom of the air, and watching the chances are that there will be no peace until there is more nearly an even break in the fortunes of war.

SOME MISTAKEN "AMERICANS."

That the recent Mexican border stampede the United States into war is the latest development from Washing- no whips, none of the man-beasts ton. President Wilson is said to have information leading to the belief that the "invasion" of Texas and the "up-

If this theory of the border disturbances is correct, a thorough investigation should be started to uncover the originator of the plot. His body was covered with scars they that new note. He came then to the "Americans" who would be guilty of had given him. such a conspiracy for financial gain should be "shown up."

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The New "Call of the Wild"

KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

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(Continued from last Issue) SYNOPSIS

That night McCready murderously assaults Thorpe. Responding to the cries of his mistress, Kazan breaks the rope that holds him and kills McCready, Fearing a beating, he disappears into the woods.

Thorpe had come out from the tent. It was approaching dawn, and in his was the wolf howl, not yet quite born. hand he held a rifle. A moment later the man's arm. They looked toward

zan!" he called.

man was trying to inveigle him back. though he did not eat all he killed. He had in his hand the thing that

"Kazan-Kazan-Ka-a-a-zan!" he

the tree. He knew that distance wanted something bigger. He no meant nothing to the cold thing of longer slunk along as if he were death that Thorpe held in his hand. afraid, or as if he wanted to remain This week the Columbia Chautau- He turned his head once, and whined hidden. He held his head up. His qua is in session. The University is softly, and for an instant a great long- back bristled. His tail swung free gone, so to speak. The chautauqua is ing filled his reddened eyes as he and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in saw the last of the girl.

her forever, and there was an ache in north and west. It was the call of his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a Here's a chance for Columbia to or whip, of cold or hunger, but which thousand miles away. was greater than them all, and which filled him with a desire to throw back tion enough to provide for and support his head and cry out his loneliness to left by the hoofs of moose and caribou

"He is gone '

The man's strong voice choked a

Pone Benedict's appeal for peace. The didn't. I'd give-a year of my life- there were other hunters abroad bereport has it that both Austria and if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and sides himself.

Such a report should not be taken was savage and terrible. And he about them that made him whine, and

farewell to the woman.

After that cry Kazan sat for a long But probably nobody realizes this time on his haunches, sniffing the new deep black pits in the forest about him, as they faded away before dawn. Now and then, since the day the traders had first bought him and put him into sledge-traces away over on the Mackenzie, he had often thought of this freedom longingly, the wolf blood quivered through the still night for in him urging him to take it. But he had never quite dared. It thrilled him now. There were no clubs here, after that howl. He had found voice and then to hate It was his misfor- fidence. He had expected an answer. tune-that quarter-strain of wolf; and the clubs, instead of subduing him, face of the wind, and as he howled, rising" in Vera Cruz were engineered had added to the savagery that was a bull moose crashed through the born in him. Men had been his worst scrub timber ahead of him, his horns enemies. They had beaten him time rattling against the trees like the tatand again until he was almost dead. too of a clear birch club as he put They called him "bad," and stepped distance between himself and that cry. wide of him, and never missed a chance to snap a whip over his back. on, and he found joy in the practise of

> He had never felt kindness, or love, until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head, and had snuggled her face close down to his, while Thorpe-her husband- sweeping plain, with a frozen lake had cried out in horror. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch, and her sweet voice, had sent through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And grew tense, and his blood leaped. now it was a man who was driving From far off in the plain there came a him from her, away from the hand cry. It was his cry-the wolf-cry. that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper in his throat. He wanted to reply, but into the forest.

> He came to the edge of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been ready becoming master of him. In filled with a strange uneasiness, and the air, in the whispering of the light did not quite dispel it. At last spruce-tops, in the moon and fae stars he was free of men. He could detect themselves, there breathed a spirit nothing that reminded him of their hated presence in the air. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back and distinct, that same wailing howl

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridgemountains, and the spruce and cedar grew low and thick-so thick that there was almost no snow under them. and day was like twilight. Two things ers-food and company. Both the wolf both desires the welf blood that was was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches, and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat, and ended there in a whine. It

Food came more easily than voice. the girl came out, and her hand caught Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log, and killed it. the thing covered by the blanket. The warm flesh and blood was better Then she spoke to Thorpe and he sud- than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, denly straightened and threw back his and the feast he had gave him confidence. That afternoon he chased many "H-o-o-o- Kazan- Kazan- Ka- rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight A shiver ran through Kazan. The of pursuing and killing at will even

But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of kill-Kazan sneaked cautiously back from ing them passed away after a time. He his body quivered with the electric He knew, now, that he was leaving energy of life and action. He traveled early days-the days away up on the

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He Back in the camp the girl's voice followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and reddened with blood. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings and en-"Yes, he is gone. He knew-and I trails lying here, and he knew that

Toward evening he came upon Isobel Thorpe's hand tightened on tracks in the snow that were very his arm. "He will!" she cried. "He much like his own. They were quite won't leave me. He loved me, if he fresh, and there was a warm scent fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of a long wailing howl, filled with a night deepened in the forest. He had plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about night, now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose, And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce-tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which

For a long time he sat and listened -a voice with a strange new note in whom he had first learned to distrust, it, and it gave him still greater conbut none came. He had traveled in the

Twice Kazan howled before he went foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great glistening in the moonlight, and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

And then every muscle in his body jaws snapped. His some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was alwhich told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf call.

The other came an hour later, clear as he could remember they had always at the beginning-but ending in a

time there was a reply from close for his intrusion. down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The huntpack was gathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trem-

ready to go. The ridge seemed to were up before the excitement of sudhe began to miss more than all oth- split the world for him. Down there it was new, and strange, and without the feast. Slowly they circled about leap in to the death, and the dog that was in him demand- men. From the other side something ed the first, and that part of him that seemed pulling him back, and sudden-their yellowish backs bristling like was dog longed for the latter. To ly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, drew about the fighters. strong in him rose responsively. It and whined. It was the dog-whine told him that somewhere in this silent now. The woman was back there. He world between the two ridges there could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call, and desire to go down into the plain. For he could also see many men waiting for him with clubs, and he could ing white-fanged demons, ready to hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

> For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. er, but he did not fear those that And then, at last, he turned and went hemmed him in. The one great law down into the plain.

All that night he kept close to the hunt-pack, but never quite approached it. This was fortunate for him. He still bore the scent of traces, and of man. The pack would have torn him into pieces. The first instinct of the wild is that a self-preservation. It may have been this, a whisper back through the years of savage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and then where the feet of the pack had trod the thickest.

That night the pack killed a caribou on the edge of the lake, and feasted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The smell of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of bones. But the instinct was stronger than the tempta-

Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, did he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, entrails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and remained all that day close to it, saturating himself with the scent of it.

and announced himself to his new comrades of the great plain.

The pack hunted again that night, or else it was a new pack that started miles to the south, and came up with a doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The night was almost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run out on the lake a third of a mile away. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slow-

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He was directly in the path of the fleeing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him, and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open leader, and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was the first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his clamped teeth.

Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself out

before. The same instinct told him snow and waited, while the ravenous buried in the back of his neck.

each other, their white fangs bare. brushes. The fatal ring of wolves It was not new to Kazan. A dozen

times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledgedog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waitleap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a strangof the pack would compel them to be

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now silence. Soft-footed and softthroated mongrel dogs from the South would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid forward instead of back their tails free and bushy.

Suddenly the wolf struck in with the swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and like knives his teeth gashed the wolf's

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that deathgrip at the throat-and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound told Kazan that his enemy was old in That night, when the moon and the the game of fighting. He crouched stars came out again, he sat back with low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppy

> hood-to shield his throat, and wait. Twice the wolf circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped, and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the-nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back. The trick had failed, and with a

> rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed and with the whole weight of his body. Kazan flung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for

staccato of quick sharp yelps that from under her chest and forelegs. He | the throat hold. It was another miss stirred his blood at once into a fiery had killed a rabbit that day and was -by a hair's breadth-and before he excitement that it had never known not hungry. So he sat back in the could recover, the wolf's teeth were

that this was the call—the hunt-cry. pack tore at the dead doe. After a For the first time in his life Kazan It urged him to come quickly. A few little he came nearer, nosed in be- felt the terror and the pain of the moments later it came again, and this tween two of them, and was nipped death-grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and As Kazan drew back, still hesitating snapped blindly. His powerful jaws to mix with his wild brothers, a big closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to gray form leaped out of the pack and the body. There was a cracking of drove straight for his throat. He had bone and a crunching of flesh, and the just time to throw his shoulder to the circle of waiting wolves grew tense attack, and for a moment the two and alert. One or the other of the He was not afraid, but he was not rolled over and over in the snow. They fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but den battle had drawn the pack from awaited that fatal fall as a signal to

Only the thickness of hair and hide on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

(Continued in next issue)

Arrested on Bootlegging Charge. Fletcher Jackman, a negro, was arested yesterday, charged with bootlegging. In the police court this morning he pleaded not guilty. His trial was set for Wednesday afternoon.

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